Iu. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haſt, that I muſt wed
Ere he that ſhould be husband comes to woo:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I doe, I ſweare
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, theſe are newes indeed.
Mor. Here comes your father, tell him ſo your ſelfe:
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and* Nurſe.

Ca. When the Sun ſets, the Ayre doth driſle deaw,
But for the Sun-ſet of my Brothers ſonne,
It raines downe right.
How now a Conduit Girle, what ſtill in teares.
Euermore ſhowring: In one little body?
Thou counterfeits, a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this ſalt floud, the windes thy ſighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a ſudden calme will ouer ſet
Thy tempeſt toſſed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
La. I ſir, but ſhe will none, ſhe giues you thankes.
I would the Foole were marryed to her Graue.
Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you Wife,
How will ſhe none? doth ſhe not giue vs thankes?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
(Vnworthy as ſhe is) that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroome?
Iu. Not proud, you haue, but thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
Ca. How now, how now, chopt lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud: Miſtris minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But ſettle your fine Ioynts gainſt Thurſday next,
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will dragge thee on a hurdle thither.
Out you greene ſickneſſe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you madde?
Iu. Good Father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to ſpeake a word.
Fa. Hang thee yong baggage, diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thurſday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, replie not, doe not anſwere mee.
My fingers itch, wife, wee ſcarce thought vs bleſt,
That God had lent vs but this onely child,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that wee haue a curſe in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heauen bleſſe her:
You are to blame my Lord to rate her ſo.
Fa. And why my Lady wiſdome, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, ſmatter with your goſſips, goe,
Nur. I ſpeake no treaſon,
Fa. O Godigeden,
Nur. May not one ſpeake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Goſſips bowle,
For here wee need it not.
Wi. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes mee madde,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone, in companie, ſtill my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly allied,
Stuft (as they ſay) with honourable parts,
Proportioned as ones thought would wiſh a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,